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Memorial

and

Peace Day

Illinois 1921

ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY.

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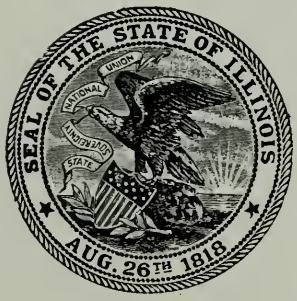
Sept. 1988

MEMORIAL DAY

MAY THIRTIETH, 1921

CIRCULAR 153



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FRANCIS G. BLAIR
Superintendent of Public Instruction

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1921

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MEMORIAL AND PEACE DAY

ILLINOIS, 1921

Dedicated to

MEMBERS OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

UNITED SPANISH WAR VETERANS

VETERANS OF THE WORLD WAR

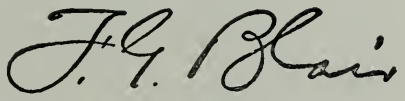
Whose children honor "Their Noble Dead."

ANNUAL LETTER.

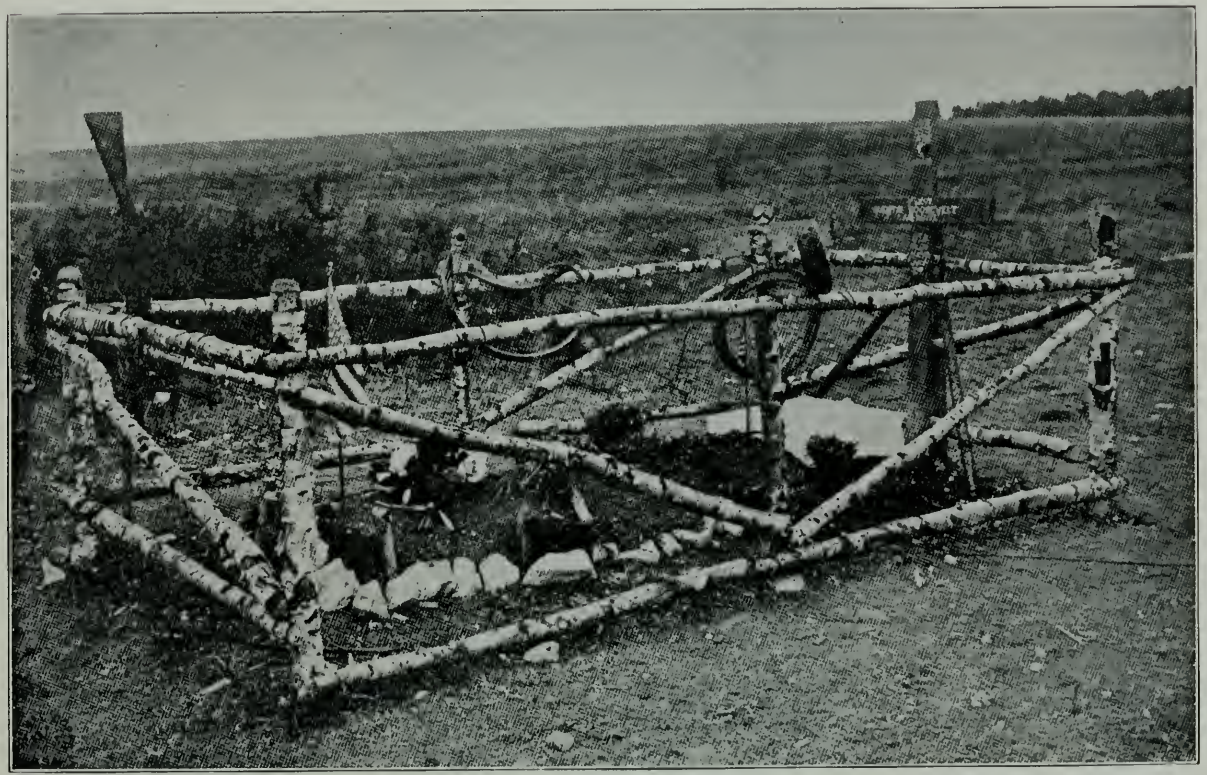
To Teachers:

Can we observe Memorial Day, can we honor the memory of the heroic dead, without arousing a warlike spirit in children's hearts? Wars for the defense of human rights and liberties will always find justification in the minds and hearts of right thinking and right feeling people. The honoring of those who died in such wars will and should exalt in the thought of our children the righteousness of the acts and the cause for which they died. Hatred and bloodlust do not spring from hearts filled with a noble reverence for noble deeds. Moreover, respect for those who died fighting for a cause which they believed was just, however much we may have differed with them, fosters the true Christian spirit. He who lays a wreath of flowers upon the grave of a soldier is not placing it upon the frowning brow of Mars. Memorial Day should be our great peace day. Its educational influence cannot be overestimated. As the teachers of the youth of a nation we must realize the truth of the statement:

Foredoomed to death
That land whose youth breathe not the breath
Of history—its fame and glory fled
Whose children honor not their noble dead.



Superintendent.



"Les Terribles" had conquered from the Germans the territory in which Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt's grave was located—The Thirty-second Division in the World War.

FOR THEE THEY DIED.

(John Drinkwater.)

For thee their pilgrim swords were tried,
  Thy flaming word was in their scrips,
They battled, they endured, they died
  To make a new Apocalypse.
Master and Maker, God of Right,
  The soldier dead are at Thy gate,
Who kept the spears of honor bright
  And freedom's house inviolate.

The resting places of our lads. They face the east.

A LETTER.

(Mary C. Hook.)

Dear Little Mother:

Here I am at that little spot I've come so many thousand miles to find, and if my letter is hard to read you'll understand, for the tears are streaming down my face, as I write in a strange mixture of emotions.

I am sitting at the foot of his little white cross, nicely painted. I've said my Rosary and strewed his sleeping place with poppies and a few other flowers. I've taken a picture of it for you, and will take others during the next few days when I come. It is very quiet here—nothing to be heard but the sound of the skylarks, and they sing all the time. The cemetery is on a little slope and stretches before me, row after row of little white crosses, with an American flag floating high over them all. It is lovely! There are flower beds on the sides, but on the graves themselves there is only grass or cut flowers; so that all are alike.

They face the East, these men of ours, and I can imagine how the early rays of the rising sun strike the shining faces of the crosses, and how at sunset the last beams throw the shadows of this symbol over the resting places of our lads, with the arms outstretched as if covering them forever and ever in peace.

And I am so glad to be here. I just sat down on the earth at the foot of his grave, and I thought and thought. I am sad—I am happy—I am rested—just being here, and you would be too. It was hard to part with him, so I am sad. But he died as a brave soldier should and as he would have chosen to go, and for the flag, so I'm glad. And in this beautiful, quiet spot, so calm, so peaceful, so pretty, the busy world seems far away, and its troubles and turmoil seem of little account, so I am rested and contented.

Seeing this place as I do, I am more convinced than ever that Al would rather stay here, seemingly still in service with his men, row after row of them, the most striking monument we could ever erect to our beloved country, and the part she played in the war.

On the right, as you approach the cemetery, runs a road; on the left is a lovely field of grain, and all around runs a border of poppies. I put some on his grave, and shall press one that nestled close to his little cross, as I took the picture. I did not look for any of the other graves today—this day was just Al's, but the next time I come I'll find the others and take pictures of them for their folks at home.

THEY FOUGHT FOR YOU.

(Minnie E. Hays.)

Soldiers in homespun,
Soldiers in blue,
Soldiers in khaki,
All fought for you.
Soldiers of fortune,
With Fortune's hands bring
Field flowers and home flowers—
A glad offering
For those who on battlefields
Suffered and bled.
Honor the soldiers,
Living or dead.
Soldiers in homespun,
Soldiers in blue,
Soldiers in khaki,
All fought for you!

—*School Bulletin.*

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

(Arthur W. Summers.)

Under the dew with his comrades true,
In France where my boy lies sleeping;
Row upon row the crosses grow,
And their shadows fall in the pale moon glow.
Where the poppies red are creeping.

Disturb him not in that sacred spot,
Where his spirit fled let him rest;
Never again will I see his face,
Nevermore feel his fond embrace,
And the place where he lies is best.

THEIR HOME-COMING.

(On seeing some of the "returning dead" at the Union Depot, Chicago, October 9, 1920.)

Soldier, sleep, your work is o'er,
Home you come from foreign shore,
Back to lie in honored grave,
Blest by loving ones who gave—
Heart so brave, and keenest pain—
Your young life—oh, not in vain!

Flag of your country covers you,
Colors of white, red and blue.
Star of white to gold has turned;
Highest honor you have earned!

Comrades' arms shall guard you true,
Comrades' care shall bear you through,
On your last triumphal way—
Glory keep you then for aye!

—*Rebecca H. Kauffman.*

Paying a tribute to the dead in the Normal School, Carbondale.

ARMISTICE DAY CELEBRATION, SOUTHERN ILLINOIS STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, NOVEMBER 11, 1920.

(Prof. Geo. W. Smith.)

Ten chairs were arranged on the stage as you see in the picture, draped with flags and decorated with Gold Stars. Ten young ladies stood behind the chairs, each holding a wreath of evergreen. Behind the ten young ladies stood a large number of service men, mostly in uniform.

Captain William McAndrew stepped forward and read, in order, the names of the ten men who made the supreme sacrifice. As each soldier's name was called, with a short account of his service and death, a young lady stepped forward and deposited a wreath in the chair.

When the last wreath was deposited, Mr. Claire Carr, a service man, sounded "Taps" from behind the scenes, the echo of which was heard in the distance.

The service was very impressive and beautifully rendered.

The names of the young ladies who deposited the wreaths, and the names of the deceased soldiers from left to right, are as follows:

Miss Emelia Martens Kerstine;

Private Joseph Peyton Chamberlain, Murphysboro, Illinois. Infantry. Died of typhoid-pneumonia in France.

Miss Anna Juliette Hanford;

Lieutenant Arthur R. Carter, Carbondale, Illinois. Aviation. Shot down in flames behind the German lines.

Miss Grace Eagleson;

Private Charley R. Braden, Eldorado, Illinois. Cavalry. Contracted pneumonia at Bourbonne-les-Bains, France. Died after returning to the United States.

Miss Agnes Lentz;

Corporal Sherman Bell (colored), Pulaski, Illinois. Infantry. Died of pneumonia, Camp Grant, Illinois.

Miss Maud Aline Neftzger;

Private Andrew M. Richeson, New Burnside, Illinois. Motor Transport Corps. Died of pneumonia contracted in Argonne Drive.

Miss Anginette Hines;

Private Delbert R. Jordan, Enfield, Illinois. Infantry. Killed in action in the Argonne, France.

Miss Virginia Neftzger;

Lieutenant Lorenzo D. McKnelly, Louisville, Illinois. Infantry. Died of influenza while stationed at University of Minnesota.

Miss Roberta McCracken;

Private George R. Murphy, Glendale, Illinois. Infantry. Died from wounds received in the Argonne, France.

Miss Ana Huffman;

Corporal Nolan Smith, Freeburg, Illinois. Infantry. Killed in action in the Argonne, France.

Miss Halene Elizabeth Street;

Private Ernest C. Soper, Belle Prairie, Illinois. Aviation. Died of pneumonia in camp at Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

"Sons of those who wore the gray
And those who wore the blue."

THE BOYS OF THE OLIVE DRAB.

(Frank A. Gilbreath.)

Shoulder to shoulder they swung along
With step so firm and true,
Pride of our manhood, theme of our song,
Drabbed ranks in olive hue.

O! boys of the olive drab,
We sing our praise of you,
Sons of those who wore the gray
And those who wore the blue,
Together marched to war beneath
The red, the white, the blue.

* * * * * *

Column of fours and rifles a-slant
The long line swung away,
Finest men of the earth you'll grant
Are those who marched that day.

* * * * * *

They trained, they drilled for war's grim work
Where mine and trench held fair;
"Somewhere in France" they never shirked
But manned the guns out there.

(Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York.)

Memorial to soldier dead at Arlington, Virginia.

WHERE THE FOUR WINDS MEET.

(Geoffrey Dalrymple Nash.)

There are songs of the north and songs of the south,
And songs of the east and west;
But songs of the place where the four winds meet
Are the ones that we love the best.

"And where do the four winds meet?" you ask.
The answer is ready at hand—
"Wherever our dear ones chance to be
By air, or by sea, or land."

So, the sailor, keeping his midnight watch
'Mid icicles, snow, and sleet,
Can think of a village near Portsmouth town
As the place where the four winds meet.

And Mother, perhaps, and sweetheart true
Pray hard for the North Sea Fleet,
And harder still for the boy who's gone
To his place, where the four winds meet.

And the man on guard at the "firing-step,"
'Mid star-shells shimmering down,
Can think of his home—where the four winds meet
In some sheltered English town.

And thoughts may fly to the distant trench,
Whatever its name or "street,"
For "Somewhere in France," seems far less vague
If we add, "where the four winds meet."

And the pilot steers thro' the trackless waste
While the engines throb and beat,
Flouting surprise, with the Army's eyes
High up where the four winds meet.

And to those who mourn comes a cheering cry,
Which the angels in heaven repeat,
"Grieve not, brave hearts; we await you here—
Here, where the four winds meet."

There are songs of the north and songs of the south,
The east and the west complete;
But here is a song of the place we love,
Which is called, "Where the four winds meet."

(Photo by Underwood & Underwood, Chicago.)

Sentry in Lincoln Park—General Grant.

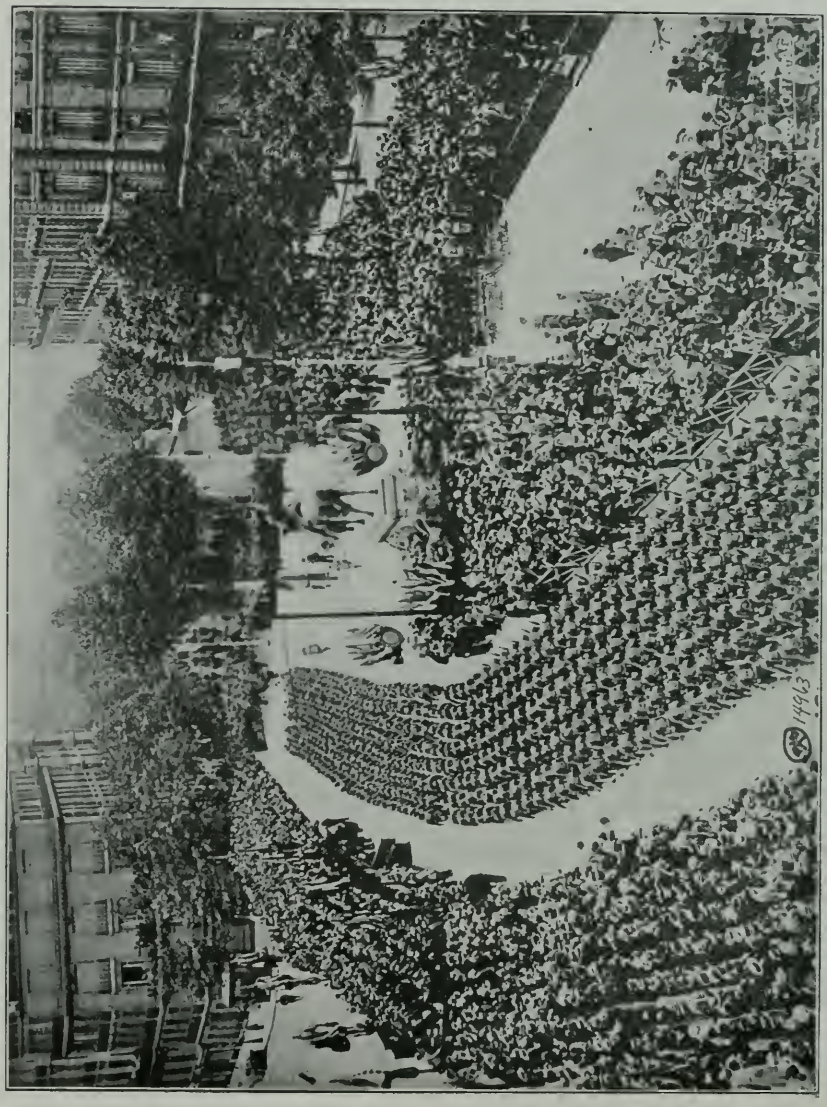
THE BIG MILITARY PARADE IN WASHINGTON OVER FIFTY YEARS AGO.

The parades and reviews of returning troops to-day recall the "grand review," held in Washington, D. C., in May, 1865, fifty-four years ago, when the Army of the Potomac, the Army of Tennessee, and the Army of Georgia, just back from winning the war for the Union, marched in parade before the President of the United States and his Cabinet, as well as other officials, including foreign diplomats, Governors of States, Senators, and Representatives. Only a small number of the 200,000, or so men who took part in the great parade remain to-day. At the time it took place the participants constituted only about a seventh of the million and a half men in the Union armies at the end of the war, and less than a fourteenth of the total number that had, at one time or another, served in the war, for the records show that during the Civil War, 2,859,132 men in all had been called to military service. The big parade was held at the suggestion of the then Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, in celebration of the closing of the war. The review lasted for two days, taking place on May 23 and 24. A description of the event as given in the Kansas City Star follows:

Washington was brilliantly decorated for the occasion, both public and private buildings floating flags and bunting, and at all prominent points there were arches and floral embellishments of various designs. Four stands were erected in front of the White House, which were decorated with the regimental battle-flags and flowers. On the principal stand were President Andrew Johnson and his Cabinet, diplomats and envoys of foreign nations, and Governors of States. Lieutenant-General Grant occupied a position near the President.

All the school-children of the city, the girls dressed in white and the boys in black jackets and white trousers, were massed on the terraces and balconies of the Capitol and sang patriotic songs as the soldiers passed. Upon a strip of canvas along the front of the Capitol was a huge banner inscribed with the legend, "The Only National Debt We Can Never Pay Is the Debt We Owe Our Victorious Soldiers." It was estimated that over a hundred thousand people, coming from all the Northern States, witnessed the parade.

The order of march the first day included the Army of the Potomac, those who had fought with Grant at Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg. First in the line came General Meade, riding ahead of his escort and the headquarters division. Then came the cavalry corps with Sheridan, Merrit, and Custer. Then followed the provost-marshal's brigade, commanded by Brigadier-General Massey, and the engineers brigade, under Brigadier-General Benham. Then Major-General Parke's 9th Corps, Dwight's 19th Corps, Griffin's 5th Corps, and the 2d Corps in command of Major-General Humphries.



A Review of U. S. Soldiers in Paris.

The soldiers presented a kaleidoscopic picture. Their uniforms were soiled and faded, there had been no brushing up for the occasion— they marched in the uniforms that they had worn in the field. Many of them carried their camp utensils, and there were the pet animals of every description, donkeys, dogs, goats, pet wolves, and even eagles, that had been adopted by the various regiments as mascots— though the word was perhaps unknown in that day. Freed negro slaves who had been picked up in the field added motley color to the scene.

And General Custer furnished an unlooked-for thrill to the occasion. His horse ran away and plunged wildly down the avenue though the scattering throngs, Custer's long yellow hair streaming in the wind, while women screamed and men shouted, expecting the General to be dashed to his death. But he suddenly brought his horse to its haunches, leaned over, and picked up his hat from the ground and rode back to the head of his column amid the plaudits of the crowd.

The second day was devoted to Sherman's Army, which included the Army of the Tennessee and the Army of Georgia. When General Sherman appeared at the head of the column he was greeted by tumultuous cheers. The Army of Tennessee was in command of Gen. John A. Logan and the Army of Georgia under General Slocum. Sherman's detachment presented a picturesque sight. There were black men armed with picks and spades, baggage ambulances loaded with the forage of "Sherman's Bummers," pigs, goats, army mules and even milch cows marched solemnly in the parade. Sherman's armies were seven hours passing the reviewing-stand. Sherman, in his memoirs, gives a vivid description of some of the incidents of the parade.

"When I reached the Treasury Building," he wrote, "and looked back, the sight was simply magnificent. The column was compact and the glittering muskets looked like a solid mass of steel, moving with the regularity of a pendulum. We passed the Treasury Building, in front of which and of the White House, was an immense throng of people. As I neared the brick house opposite the lower corner of Lafayette Square some one asked me to notice Mr. Seward, who, still feeble and bandaged from his wounds (Seward was stabbed the night of Lincoln's assassination), had been removed there that he might behold the troops. I moved in that direction and took off my hat to Mr. Seward, who sat at an upper window. He recognized the salute, returned it, and then we rode steadily past the President, saluting with our swords. All on his stand arose and returned the salute. Then, turning into the gate of the Presidential grounds, we left our horses with the orderlies and went upon the stand. I took my post by the side of the President, and for six hours and a half stood while the Western Army passed in the order of the 15th, 17th, 20th and 14th Corps.

"It was, in my judgment, the most magnificent army in existence— sixty-five thousand men, in splendid physique, who had just completed a march of nearly two thousand miles in a hostile country, in good drill, and who realized that they were being closely scrutinized by thousands of their fellow countrymen and foreigners. The steadiness and firmness of the tread, the careful dress of the guides, the uniform intervals be-

(Copyright Detroit Photographing Co.)

OVERLOOKING GETTYSBURG BATTLEFIELD.

Looking from Little Round Top near the statue of General Warren, over the scene of one of the greatest battles in the history of our country—the decisive battle of the Civil War.

tween the companies, and the tattered and bullet-riven flags festooned with flowers, all attracted universal notice. Many good people, up to that time, had looked upon our Western Army as a sort of mob, but the world then saw and recognized the fact that it was an army in the proper sense, well organized and well disciplined, and there was no wonder that it had swept through the South like a tornado."

Then, as to-day, there were witnesses of that parade, who looked beyond the moving figures into the invisible ranks of those who marched only in spiritual presence in that grand review. This fantom army was celebrated in a poem written by BRET HARTE, from which the following stanzas are taken:

I read last night of the Grand Review
In Washington's chiefest avenue,
Two hundred thousand men in blue,
I think they said that was the number—
Till I seemed to hear their tramping feet,
The bugle blast and the drum's quick beat,
The clatter of hoofs on the stony street,
The cheers of people who came to greet,
And the thousand details that to repeat
Would only my verse encumber—
Till I fell in a reverie, sad and sweet,
And then to a fitful slumber.

And I saw a fantom army come,
With never a sound of fife or drum.
But keeping time to a throbbing hum,
Of wailing and lamentation;
The martyred heroes of Malvern Hill,
Of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville,
The men whose wasted figures fill
The patriot graves of the nation.

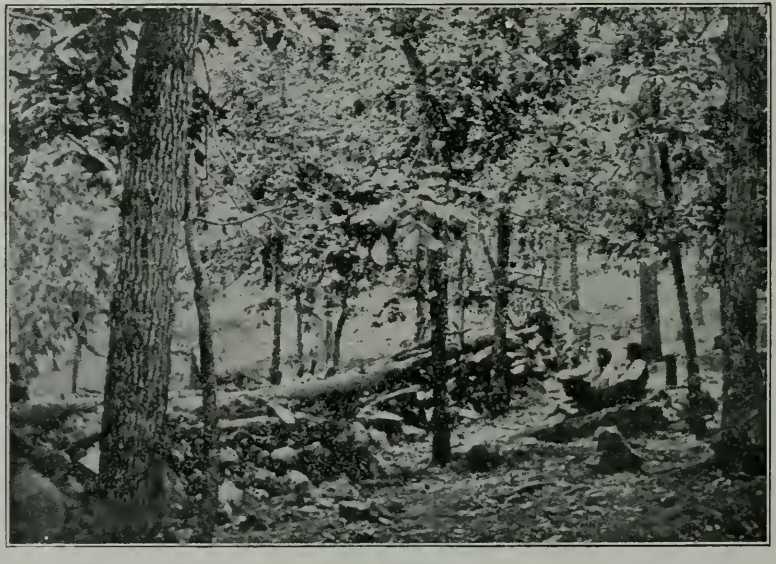
And all night marched the Nation's dead,
With never a banner above them spread,
Nor a badge nor a motto brandished;
No mark, save the bare uncovered head
Of the silent bronze reviewer;
With never an arch of the vaulted sky,
With never a flower save those that lie
On the distant graves—for love could buy
No gift that was purer or rarer.

—*The Literary Digest.*

(Copyright Detroit Photographing Co.)

FRENCH'S BRIGADE IN VIRGINIA.

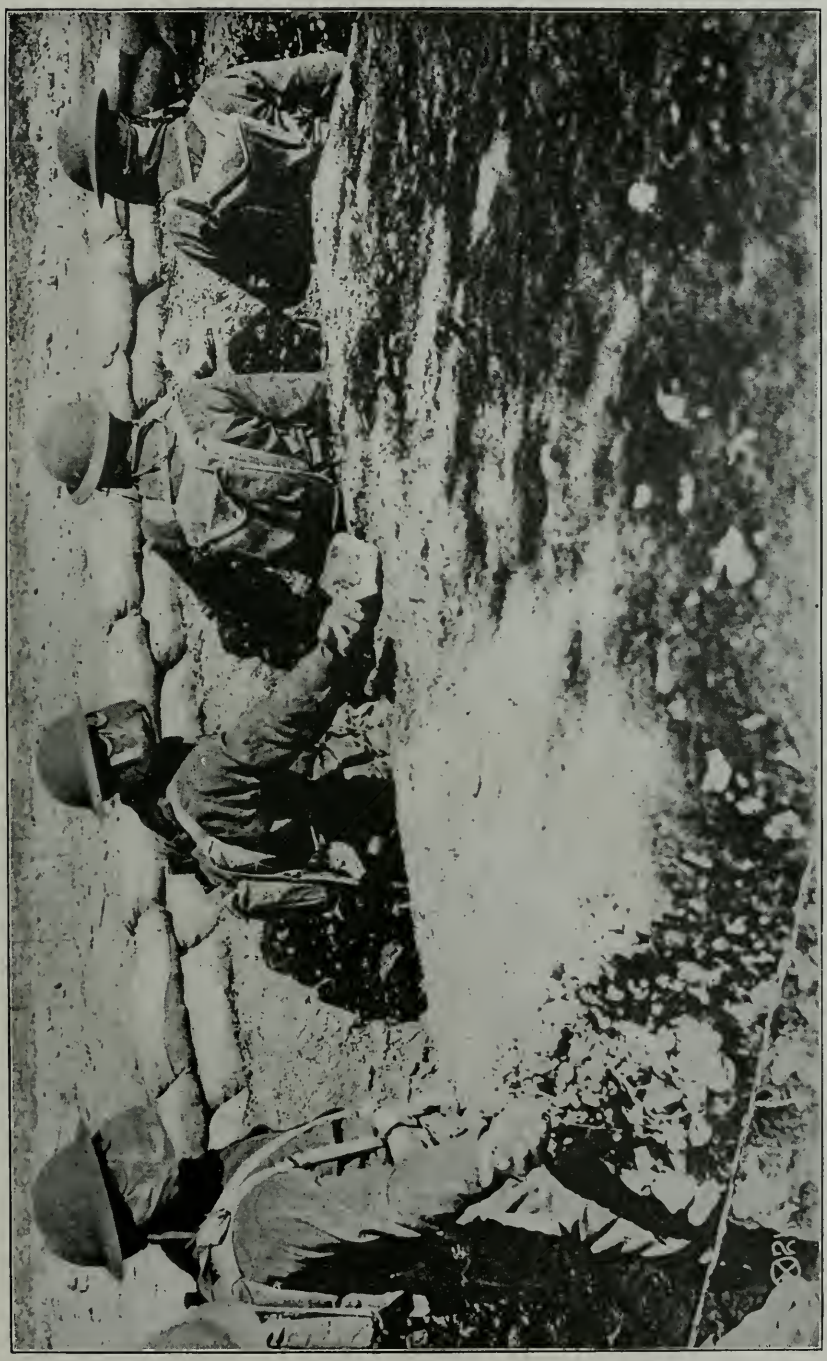
This realistic picture is from a photograph taken during the Civil War, and faithfully portrays one of the actual camp scenes of that time.



(Copyright Detroit Photographing Co.)

BREASTWORKS AT GETTYSBURG.

Under these sheltering trees and up the slope beyond the fighting was terrific and the loss on both sides heavy. The photograph is a wartime one.



The Modern Trench.

"Fire!" Pounding the German lines opposite Baleycourt Woods, near Nixeville, Department of the Meuse, with French 340-m. guns manned by Yankee Coast Artillerymen of the 35th Coast Artillery, 80th Division. This gun hit two German Army Corps Headquarters 30 kilometers distant. (September 26, 1918.)

Copyright Detroit Photographing Co.)

BATTERIES IN FORT BRADY READY FOR ACTION.

This photograph of the interior of a Union fort was taken in 1864. The uniforms of the officers and men, the cumbersome cannon and the style of construction of the breastworks, make the picture one of unique interest.

(Photo Underwood & Underwood, New York.)

The Real Strength of a Nation.

THE RED CHRISTMAS.

(W. H. Draper.)

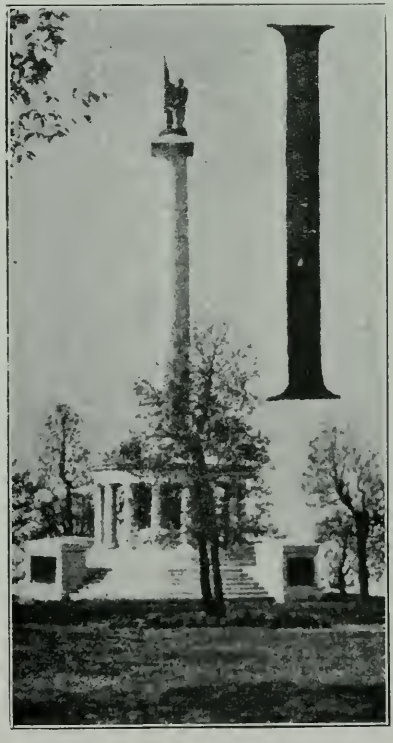
O take away the mistletoe
And bring the holly berry,
For all the lads are gone away
And all the girls look sad today,
There's no one left with them to play,
And only birds and babes and things unknowing
Dare be merry.
Then take away the mistletoe
And bring the holly berry.

But oh its leaves are fresh and green,
Why bring the holly berry?
Because it wears the red, red hue,
The color to the season true,
When war must have his tribute due,
And only birds and babes and things unknowing
Can be merry.
So take away the mistletoe,
Yet keep the holly berry.

And shall we never see again
Aught but the holly berry?
Yes, after sacrifice sublime,
When rings some later Christmas chime,
When dawns the new and better time,
Not only birds and babes and things unknowing
Shall be merry,
But you shall see the mistletoe
Twined with the holly berry.

(Cut Furnished by "Travel.")

The "Riderless Horse" Monument to the First Wisconsin Cavalry on Chickamauga Battlefield.



(Cut Furnished by "Travel.")

The New York Monument on Lookout Mountain.

SOLDIER LADDIE.

(Frank A. Gilbreath.)

Note.—Written in commemoration of the return of the body of Wm. H. Tovey, who died and was buried overseas.

They have brought the Soldier-Laddie
Back to native land once more,
From the grave-lot where he rested
On a distant, foreign shore.

Proud the day of his departing,
As the troop-train rolled away,
With our cheers and fervent God-speed
And the prayers we tried to pray.

When the scourge of camp and barrack
Sent him to the cotted wards,
Soon he passed beyond the Portals
Which the Angel, Death e'er guards.

Now they've brought the Soldier-Laddie
From the distant land away,
Home, to sleep on through the ages
Till the final Judgment Day.

Mortal salvage, Soldier-Laddie,
Just the wreckage left from War.
Back to hearts long since grief-silenced,
Which so bravely bear their scar.

* * * * * * *

(Photo Underwood & Underwood, New York.)

The Grand Army of America.

ALL'S WELL!

(F. W. Bourdillon.)

Watchman, watchman, what of the night,
  What of the night to tell?
There are widows weeping and babes affright,
  And a ceaseless burial bell.
But the hand that holds the gun
      Still shakes not;
And the line drops one by one,
      Yet breaks not.
Of the blood so nobly poured
There shall surely be reward.
In the name of the Lord,
  All's Well!

THE GREAT ADVENTURE.

(Frank A. Gilbreath.)

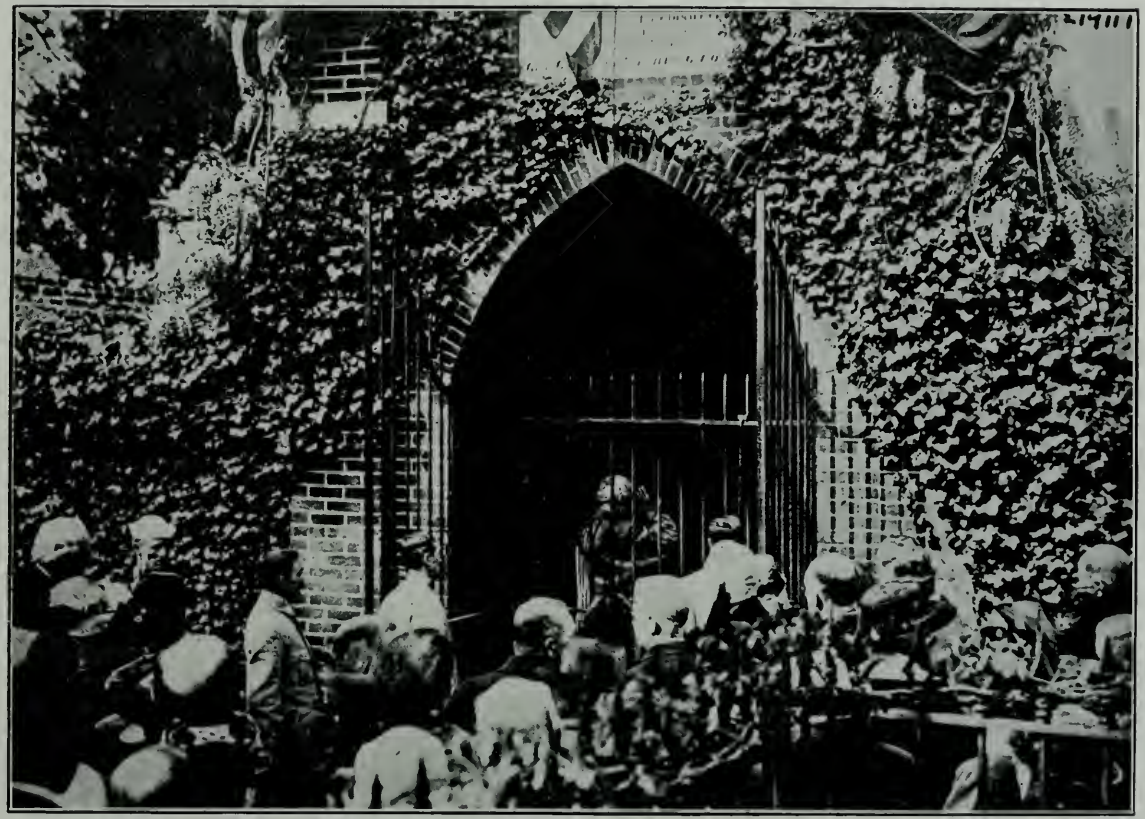
Off for the Great Adventure,
Marched forth your boy and mine.
They heard the call that came to all
And forthwith fell in line.

Off for the Great Adventure,
That beckoned o'er the sea.
With pulsing heart, to do their part
Whate'er the task should be.

Off for the Great Adventure
And all it held in store.
Their lot was cast and they held fast
As youth had done before.

Off for the Great Adventure,
And those they left at home,
By night and day, did hope and pray
For them again to come.

* * * * * * *



(Photo Underwood & Underwood, New York.)

Marshall Joffre Saluting the Tomb of George Washington at Mt. Vernon.

Marshal Joffre at the Tomb of Lincoln.

(Photo Underwood & Underwood, New York.)

Lincoln Statue, Manchester, England.

THE LIFE GUARDS.

(John F. Howard, *Silver Lake Assembly, N. Y.*)

Hear the wild, exultant bugles
Coming home across the sea,
Victory their joyous burden
And a world forever free;
Liberty's brave lads are coming
With Old Glory waving high—
Welcome, Earth's Emancipators,
To your native land and sky!

From the Marne and Rhine they're coming
And the great world storm is o'er,
Soldiers of the sky are coming
To the haunts they loved of yore;
And the heroes of the ocean
Swell the glory of the scene,
Jubilant o'er Freedom's triumph
And the vanished submarine!

They are coming, they are coming
To the joys that wait them here,
To the hopes that lit the trenches
And the midnight ocean drear;—
Million-hearted welcome greets you
From the dangers you have braved,
Yours the freedom of the nation
And the world that you have saved!

(Photo Western Newspaper Union.)

To the Fallen of All Wars—Amphitheatre, Arlington, Va.

(Photo Underwood & Underwood, New York.)

A Memorial Exercise by School Children.

A LULLABY.

(G. R. Glasgow.)

Because some men in khaki coats
  Are marching out to war,
Beneath a torn old flag that floats
  As proudly as before;
Because they will not stop or stay,
  But march with eager tread,
A little baby far away
  Sleeps safely in her bed.

Because some grim, gray sentinels
  Stand always silently,
Where each dull shadow falls and swells,
  Upon a restless sea;
Because their lonely watch they keep,
  With keen and wakeful eyes,
A little child may safely sleep
  Until the sun shall rise.

Because some swift and shadowy things
  Hold patient guard on high,
Like birds or sails or shielding wings
  Against a stormy sky;
Because a strange light spreads and sweeps
  Across a darkened way,
A little baby softly sleeps
  Until the dawn of day.

THE LITTLEST ONE.

My dady he's a Captain,
My brother is a Scout,
My sister is a Camp-Fire Girl—
But I am just left out.
They each have uniforms to wear
And different things to do.
Oh dear! I do so wish that I
Belonged to something, too!

My mother tells me not to mind;
She says, "Why don't you see?
Because you are the littlest one
You just belong to *me*.

—Taken from *St. Nicholas Magazine*.

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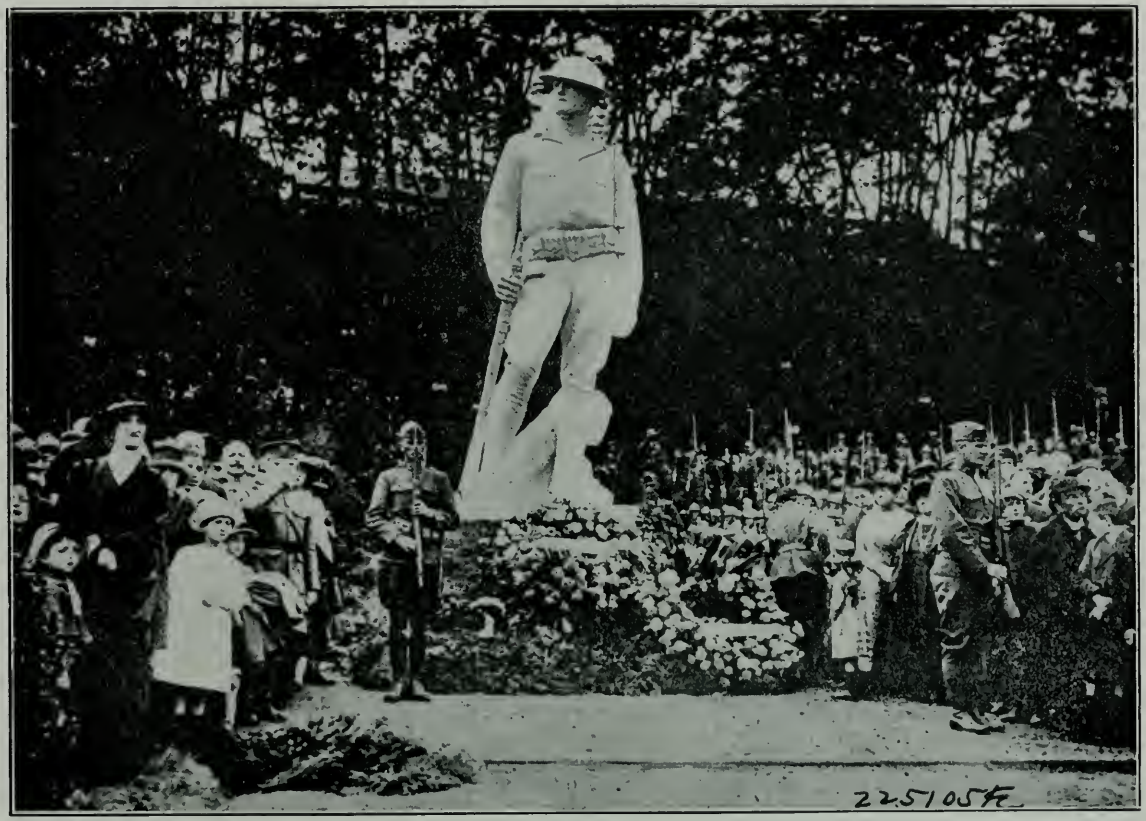
Many Flags and Many Costumes, But All Americans.



(Photo Underwood & Underwood, New York.)

Honoring American Dead in France.

YOUNG FELLOW MY LAD.

(Robert W. Service.)

"Where are you going, Young Fellow My Lad,
On this glittering morn of May?"
"I'm going to join the Colours, Dad;
They're looking for men, they say."
"But you're only a boy, Young Fellow My Lad:
You aren't obliged to go."
"I'm seventeen and a quarter, Dad,
And ever so strong, you know."

"So you're off to France, Young Fellow My Lad,
And you're looking so fit and bright."
"I'm terribly sorry to leave you, Dad,
But I feel that I'm doing right."
"God bless you and keep you, Young Fellow My Lad;
You're all of my life, you know."
"Don't worry. I'll soon be back, dear Dad,
And I'm awfully proud to go."

"Why don't you write, Young Fellow My Lad?
I watch for the post each day;
And I miss you so, and I'm awfully sad,
And it's months since you went away.
And I've had the fire in the parlour lit,
And I'm keeping it burning bright
Till my boy comes home; and here I sit
Into the quiet night."

"What is the matter, Young Fellow My Lad;
No letter again today.
Why did the postman look so sad,
And sigh as he turned away?
I hear them tell that we've gained new ground,
But a terrible price we've paid;
God grant, my boy, that you're safe and sound;
But, oh, I'm afraid, afraid."

* * * * * * *

"They've told me the truth, Young Fellow My Lad;
You'll never come back again;
(Oh God! the dreams and the dreams I've had,
And the hopes I've nursed in vain!)
For you passed in the night, Young Fellow My Lad,
And you proved in the cruel test
Of the screaming shell and the battle hell
That my boy was one of the best.

"So you'll live, you'll live, Young Fellow My Lad,
In the gleam of the evening star,
In the wood-note wild and the laugh of the child,
In all sweet things that are.
And you'll never die, my wonderful boy,
While life is noble and true;
For all our beauty and hope and joy
We will owe to our lads like you."

—From *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man.*

LADDIE BOY.

(Gertrude Ramsey, Magnolia, Ill.)

Oh Laddie Boy, I dreamed of you last night,
I thought you once again my baby dear;
I felt a mass of tangled golden curls
Upon my breast, I felt you, oh, so near,
Laddie Boy.

I thought I saw your eyes of deepest blue,
Your cheeks so round and dimpled, pink and white:
I saw your chubby hands, your upturned face,
I heard you laugh, yes Laddie, laugh outright,
Laddie Boy.

I saw you purse your two red, baby lips,
And tilt your head that I a kiss might steal,
I felt your two soft arms around my neck,
And oh, the joy, the joy, I seemed to feel,
Laddie Boy.

Then I awoke, and sad, so sad was I,
To find it but a hungry mother's dream—
Years seemed to come between us, Laddie dear,
My goldhaired babe had been but just a gleam,
Laddie Boy.

* * * * * * * * *

Yet my own heart still holds in mem'ry sweet,
Those treasured years, that ever swiftly go,
But Laddie, dear, you know why thus I dreamed—
It was because I love and miss you so,
Laddie Boy, Laddie Boy.

(Photo Underwood & Underwood, New York)

A Great Memorial to the Spirit of the American Indian. Black Hawk by Lorada Taft.

(Photo Underwood & Underwood, Washington, D. C.)

Making Things for the Soldiers.

Soldiers of Peace.

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Washington, D. C., Cherry Trees. (Washington's Monument in the Distance.)

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